

BELL

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THE *Lone Ranger's* FAMOUS HORSE

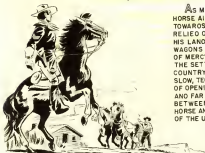
HI-YO

SILVER



# MAN'S HELPMATE

AS FAR BACK AS RECORDED HISTORY EXTENDS, THE HORSE HAS BEEN MAN'S FRIEND, COMPANION AND HELPER. THE MAN OF LONG AGO WHO OWNED A HORSE WAS INDEED FORTUNATE. HE COULD FLEE FROM HIS ENEMIES AND, IN TURN, BECOME A LEADER WHEN ATTACKING THE COMMON FOE. WHEN FOOD BECAME SCARCE, HE COULD RANGE FAR IN SEARCH OF FOOD FOR HIS FAMILY AND CLAN. IT IS LITTLE WONDER THAT SUCH A CLOSE COMRADESHIP EXISTED BETWEEN THE MAN AND HIS HORSE.



AS MAN PROGRESSED, THE HORSE AIDED HIM IN HIS MARCH TOWARDS A BETTER LIFE. MAN RELIED ON HIS FRIEND TO PLOW HIS LANDS, HAUL HIS COMMERCE WAGONS AND SPEED HIM ON ACTS OF MERCY. WITHOUT THE HORSE, THE SETTLING OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY WOULD HAVE BEEN A SLOW, TEDIOUS TASK. THE HONORS OF OPENING THE GREAT PLAINS AND FAR WEST CAN BE DIVIDED BETWEEN THE PATIENT WORK HORSE AND THE FLASHING STEEDS OF THE U.S. CAVALRY...



"IT WAS SPRING IN WILD HORSE VALLEY! NEW GRASS WAS SPRINGING UP IN THE WILD MEADOWS BY THE CREEK. WHITE WATERFALLS LEAPED FROM THE CLIFFS, FED BY MELTING SNOWS.



"NEW LIFE FILLED SKY AND AIR AND WATER! THE YOUNG COLTS FELT THE EXCITEMENT OF IT, RACING ALONG THE CREEK.



"SYLVAN, THE WILD HORSE KING, FELT THE JOY OF IT, AS HE STOOD GUARD OVER HIS YOUNG MARES.



"SPRING TINGLED EVEN IN THE MUDDY TOES OF AN OLD BADGER, AS HE DUG HIMSELF A NEW HOME IN THE CREEK BANK, ABOVE HIGH-WATER MARK.



"AT A RESOUNDING SHORT BEHIND HIM, THE OLD BADGER TURNED, SNEEZED, AND SHOOK THE DIRT OUT OF HIS EARS ... BUT IT WAS NO ENEMY ACROSS THE CREEK—ONLY MOUSSA, THE SLIM WHITE MARE, KING SYLVAN'S FAVORITE."



"MOUSSA CRANK THIRSTILY, AS IF SHE HAD BEEN A LONG TIME WITHOUT WATER.



"HER THIRST SATISFIED, SHE PUSHED BACK QUICKLY INTO THE WILLOW SHADE. THERE LAY HER NEWBORN SON---A TINY, SUN-DAPPLED FOAL! KING SYLVAN'S OFFSPRING!"



"GENTLY RUSSING HER INFANT, SHE ENCOURAGED HIM TO STAND ON HIS STILL-WOBBLY, STILT-LIKE LEGS."



"AFTER A TIME, HE MANAGED IT---AND IMMEDIATELY SOUGHT OUT HIS FIRST MEAL, WITH THE APPETITE OF ALL HEALTHY BABIES."



"AS LITTLE SILVER NURSED, MOUSSA STOOD ALERT AND ANXIOUS, TESTING THE AIR FOR SCENT OF THE WILD HORSE'S ENEMIES---"



"---THE LONE GRAY TIMBER WOLF!"



"---THE SNEAKING, STARVING COYOTE!"



"---AND THE LEAN COUGAR OF THE HILLS, A TANNY MURDERER, WITH A TASTE FOR EASY HORSEFLESH!"



**T**HOUGH SHE DREADED TO LEAVE HER LITTLE ONE, MOUSSA MADE BRIEF TRIPS TO THE LUSH GREEN GRASS ALONG THE CREEK BANK! THE MOTHER OF A HUNGRY FOAL MUST EAT



**B**ACK IN THE WILLOWS, SILVER LAY SO STILL THAT A WOOD MOUSE CREEPT CLOSE TO HIM, HUNTING FOR EDIBLE ROOTS



**A**T SILVER'S BABY SHORT, THE MOUSE TURNED A BACK-SOMERSAULT WITH FRIGHT, AND SCUTTLED TO ITS HOLE."



**A**S SUNSET SHADOWS FILLED THE VALLEY, A FAT PORCUPINE CLIMBED DOWN FROM A TREE NOT FAR FROM SILVER'S HIDING PLACE.



**W**ITH STRICTLY PORCUPINE BUSINESS FILLING ITS SINGLE-TRACK MIND, THE QUILL PIC AMBLED STRAIGHT TOWARD THE NEW-BORN PRINCE OF WILD HORSE VALLEY



**S**UCH IMPUDENCE WAS MORE THAN LITTLE SILVER COULD TAKE! HE SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET AND SNORTED INDIGNANTLY! WITH A DRY RATTLING OF ITS QUILLS, THE PORKY TURNED A-SIDE.



**T**HE CREATURE HAD ROLLED ITSELF INTO A BALL! WHY HAD IT NOT RUN AWAY LIKE THE MOUSE? SILVER'S PINK NOSE SMIFFED INQUIRINGLY.



**S**UDDENLY, THE PORCUPINE'S TAIL MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING! THE FOAL GRUNTED IN PAINED SURPRISE.



**T**WO STIRRING, BURNING GARTS WERE EMBEDDED IN HIS TENDER NOSE! SILVER SCREAMED FOR HIS MOTHER.



**H**ER INFANT'S SHRIEK SPUN MOUSSA AROUND IN HER TRACKS.



**W**ITH A WILD QUESTIONING REIGN, THE MAIE CRASHED THROUGH THE WILLOW GROWTH! HER BABY WAS ATTACKED--- BY WHAT HORRID ENEMY?



**B**UT NO WOLF OR COUGAR WAS IN SIGHT-- ONLY HER WHIMPERING FOAL.



"--- AND THE SMELL OF  
PORCUPINE WAS STRONG  
IN THE AIR!



"QUICKLY, MOUSSA LOCATED THE TROUBLE.



"HER STRONG TEETH CLAMPED ON THE OFFENDING  
GUILLS! A QUICK PULL--- A SHRIEK FROM SILVER---  
AND THEY WERE OUT!"



"TREMBLING WITH THE FIRST PAIN  
HE HAD EVER KNOWN, THE LITTLE  
PRINCE OF WILD HORSE VALLEY  
SNUGGLED CLOSE TO HIS MOTHER---  
WHILE SHE COMFORTED HIM



AND SOON HE FELT SO SAFE



..THAT NOT EVEN THE EVENING  
SONG OF A COYOTE HOWLING ON  
THE VALLEY'S RIM COULD MAKE  
HIM FEEL AFRAID.





**W**HEN THE MOON DIPPED DOWN OVER THE HILLS, JUST BEFORE DAWN, MOUSSA STOLE AWAY FOR AN HOUR'S GRAZING. SHE WAS HUNGRIER THAN SHE HAD REALIZED. FOOT BY FOOT, FARTHER AND FARTHER, SHE MOVED AWAY FROM THE WILLOWS.



**W**ITH THE FIRST PALE DAYLIGHT, HASHEETA THE COUGAR CAME DOWN TO HUNT IN WILD HORSE VALLEY.



**A**S HE PROMLED ALONG THE CREEK, A TELLTALE BREEZE BROUGHT TO HASHEETA THE SCENT OF A NEWBORN FOAL. EAGERLY HE FOLLOWED IT UPWIND.



**N**OW IT WAS CLOSE! AND HASHEETA'S KEEN NOSE TOLD HIM THAT THE FOAL WAS ALONE! ALONE AND HELPLESS!



**B**UT THE SAME FICKLE BREEZE NOW WARNED MOUSSA, THE WHITE MARE, OF DEADLY DANGER.



**M**AD WITH FEAR FOR HER BABY, SHE RACED TOWARD THE WILLOWS.



**T**HE WILLOW STEMS CRASHED BEHIND HASHEETA! HE TURNED TO FACE A SCREAMING FURY!



**"AT THE LAST INSTANT, HASHEETA COGGED—SLASHING AT MOUSSA'S SHOULDER.**



**"HALF A MILE AWAY, MOUSSA'S SCREAM REACHED THE EARS OF HER LORD AND MASTER, MIGHTY SYLVAN WHIRLED AT THE SOUND."**



**"TRUMPETING HIS CHALLENGE TO THE UNKNOWN ENEMY, THE GREAT HORSE RACED TO HIS FAVORITE'S AID."**



**"BUT ALREADY THE COUGAR WAS REACHING FOR A DEATH HOLD"**



**"FRANTIC, MOUSSA HURLED HERSELF ON HER BACK, TRYING TO CRUSH THE CLAWING FIEND."**



**H**ASHEETA WAS NO CUB . TO BE CAUGHT BY THAT TRICK? SOUNDING CLEAR, HE GATHERED HIMSELF FOR ANOTHER SPRING.



BEFORE MOUSSA COULDRISIT



**A**S THE COUGAR BORE HER TO THE GROUND, A STALLION'S FIGHTING BAWL RANG OUT BEHIND HIM.



**M**IGHTY JAWS CRUSHED THE BIG CAT'S SPINE.



**L**IKE A RAG DOLL HE SPUN THROUGH THE AIR



**P**OUNDING HOOPS BEAT THE LAST SPARK OF LIFE FROM THE TAWNY MURDERER'S BODY



**T**HEN SYLVAN, THE KING, TURNED WITH A DEEP-THROATED QUESTION TO HIS BELOVED MOUSSA: WAS SHE HURT MUCH? AND HER LITTLE ONE ...?



**B**OLOLY, THE LITTLE PRINCE OF WILD HORSE VALLEY STEPPED FORWARD TO GREET HIS SIRE ... AND SYLVAN'S DEEP MURMUR APPROVED HIS NEWBORN HEIR, SILVER!



# SILVER FIGHTS FOR A FRIEND

WHOA, SILVER! HELLO, THERE, JEANNE  
AND LONNY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
SO FAR AHEAD OF THE WAGON  
TRAIN?



FATHER SAID WE'D BE  
SAFE FROM INDIANS OR  
OUTLAWS AS LONG AS WE  
STUCK CLOSE TO THE  
LONE RANGER!

--- AND YOU  
PROMISED US  
ANOTHER STORY  
ABOUT SILVER,  
DIDN'T YOU?

YOU'RE RIGHT!



I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT SOMETHING  
THAT HAPPENED WHEN SILVER WAS  
ONLY TWO YEARS OLD--- BIG AND  
FAST FOR HIS AGE, BUT STILL WITH  
A LOT OF THINGS TO LEARN.



"ONE THING THAT HURT SILVER'S FEELINGS  
AT THIS AGE WAS THAT HIS MOTHER, MOUSSA,  
HAD STOPPED PAYING HIM ANY ATTENTION.  
HER NEW BABY NOW TOOK ALL HER CARE."

BUT WHEN HIS SIRE AND HERO, MIGHTY  
SYLVAN, TURNED AND GROVE HIM AWAY FROM  
THE HERO, THE SILVER GOLT'S WORLD SEEMED  
TO HAVE COME TO AN END!"



WAGON-TRAIN- WHEW- WHEW?



ER-SHUN!

WHEW!

**B**UT YOUNG SILVER WAS NOT ALONE IN HIS HEARTBREAK! ALL THE COLTS OF HIS AGE WERE CHASED AWAY FROM THE MARES AND WEANLINGS--- WITH SUCH FIERCENESS THAT THEY DARED NOT RETURN



**W**HIMPERING AND CALLING PATHETICALLY, THE BACKLON COLTS HUNG AROUND--- AS NEAR TO THEIR MOTHERS AS THEY DARED--- TOO LONESOME TO EAT.



**B**UT NONE OF THEM DARED TO STIR AGAIN THE ANGER OF SYLVAN, THE KING OF WILD HORSE VALLEY.



**F**INALLY THEY UNDERSTOOD! THEIR BABYHOOD WAS OVER--- NOW THEY WERE ON THEIR OWN, TO FIND THEIR OWN FEED, FIGHT THEIR OWN BATTLES, MAKE THEIR OWN FRIENDS.



**S**CAMPER, A CHUNKY BLACK TWO-YEAR-OLD, ATTACHED HIMSELF TO SILVER---SOMETIMES THEY REARED AND SQUEALED IN MOCK BATTLE---



---AND TIRED OUT, THEY WOULD LAY DOWN TOGETHER TO SLEEP. AFFECTIONATE, IMPULSIVE, HARUM-SCARUM, THE LITTLE BLACK COLT ALWAYS FELT SAFE WITH HIS TALLER, STRONGER FRIEND



"SCAMPER'S CHIEF WEAKNESS WAS HIS CURIOSITY---FOREVER STICKING HIS NOSE INTO OTHER CREATURES' BUSINESS."



"SEVERAL TIMES HE CAUGHT THE GRAY BAGGER AWAY FROM HIS BURROW, AND TORMENTED THE SLOW-MOVING, GAUMY ANIMAL."



"BUT ONE DAY, THE BAGGER LOST PATIENCE AND GAVE THE BLACK COLT A LESSON IN MANNERS---"

"--- THAT SMARTED FOR HALF A DAY."



"REMEMBERING THE FIERY STING OF PORCUPINE QUILLS IN HIS BABYHOOD, SILVER WASHED AND SOOTHED HIS FRIEND'S HURT NOSE."



"BUT SCAMPER COULD NO MORE LEARN CAUTION THAN HE COULD LEARN TO FLY! A FEW DAYS LATER, A JACK RABBIT BOUNCING ALONG THE BOTTOM OF A DEEP GULCH MADE HIM FORGET HIS FOOTING!"

"THE LOOSE ROCK AT THE EDGE CRUMBLED SUDDENLY,



"---AND THE BLACK COLT TUMBLED  
HEADFIRST OUT OF SIGHT!"



"---HE HIT THE GRAVELLY BOTTOM  
AND LAY STILL."



"DESPERATELY WORRIED, SILVER CALLED  
AND CALLED TO HIS FRIEND."



"ROLLING OVER AND OVER---"



"AT LAST, SCAMPER LIFTED A GROSSY HEAD."





"HE WORRIED TO HIS FEET AND STOOD SPRADDLE-LEGGED WHILE THE WORLD CONTINUED TO WHIRL ABOUT HIM.



"TROTting BACK AND FORTH ALONG THE RIM, SILVER PERSUADED THE DIZZY BLACK TO LOOK FOR A WAY OUT."



"BUT FROM END TO END THE SHEER WALLS SEEMED TO BE IMPASSABLE, AN OPEN-AIR PRISON FOR ANYTHING WITH HOOFS!"

"HAPPY-GO-LUCKY SCAMPER WAS NOT WORRIED, HOWEVER, AS LONG AS HE HAD GRASS AND WATER, AND HIS FRIEND SILVER WAS WITHIN CALL, THINGS WEREN'T TOO BAD."



"SILVER FELT MORE ANXIETY, PARTICULARLY THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE LONG-DRAWN HOWL OF A LOBO WOLF DRIFTED DOWN FROM THE HILLS ABOVE WILD HORSE VALLEY."

HE BEDDED DOWN NOT FAR FROM THE GULCH, AND SLEEP WAS A LONG TIME IN COMING... HE MISSED LITTLE SCAMPER'S TRUSTFUL COMPANIONSHIP



**T**HAT VERY NIGHT, OLD LOBO AND HIS MATE CAME DOWN INTO WILD HORSE VALLEY!



**H**UNTING HAD BEEN POOR IN THE HILLS, LATELY... AND A DEN FULL OF HALF-STARVED PUPS FORCED THE WOLVES TO GO FARTHER AFIELD ON THEIR NIGHTLY HUNTS.



**A**T THE EDGE OF THE GULCH, THE SCENT OF YOUNG HORSE-FLESH WAS STRONG! IT MADE THE MOUTHS OF THE TWO GRAY RAIDERS WATER WITH EAGERNESS.



**S**ILENT AS GHOSTS, THEY WORKED THEIR WAY TO THE BOTTOM.



**S**UDDENLY, A SCREAM OF MORTAL FEAR PIERCED THE NIGHT! SILVER LUNGED TO HIS FEET--- ALL SLEEPINESS GONE ON THE INSTANT.



**A**GAIN THAT HORROR SCREAM! IT WAS SCAMPER--- AND SILVER'S WAR CRY RANG LIKE A TRUMPET IN ANSWER.



**C**ONFIDENT THAT NO HELP COULD REACH THEIR DOOMED PREY, THE WOLVES CREEPT NEARER--- FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. AT THE RIGHT MOMENT, ONE SLASHING LEAP WOULD BRING THE COLT DOWN.



**B**UT THAT MOMENT NEVER CAME! LIKE A WHITE BOLT OF LIGHTNING, A TEARFORM FLASHED FROM THE RIM TO PIN THE LOBO IN HIS TRACKS!



**T**HE IMPACT, BROKEN BY THE WOLF'S BODY, FAILED TO SNAP THOSE SLENDER FORELEGS!



**B**UT SHEER MOMENTUM CARRIED SILVER OVER IN A SOMERSAULT.



**T**HE SHE-WOLF THOUGHT SHE SAW HER CHANCE--- AND LEAPED FOR THE WHITE GOLT'S THROAT.



**---ONLY TO CATCH A BLOW FROM A SLASHING FOREHOOF**



**BOTH PICKED THEMSELVES UP AT THE SAME MOMENT---**



**"--- THE SHE-WOLF TO FLEE FOR HER LIFE... SILVER TO VENT HIS FURY IN PURSUIT."**



**"ONLY THE FRIGHTENED CALL OF SCAMPER CHECKED THE CHASE."**



**"POOR LITTLE SCAMPER! STILL TREMBLING FROM HIS NARROW BRUSH WITH THE JAWS OF DEATH, HE RAN WHIMPERING TO MEET HIS HERD."**



**"NOW ALL WAS WELL! NO THOUGHT OF HIS ROCK-WALLED PRISON BOTHERED THE LITTLE BLACK AS HE SLEPT THROUGH THE DARK HOURS, SNUGGLED CLOSE TO SILVER'S CHEST."**



**I****N THE MORNING, HOWEVER, SILVER'S FIRST MOVE WAS TO EXPLORE THE GULCH**



**O**NLY AT ONE SPOT DID THE WALLS OFFER EVEN THE SLIGHTEST HOPE OF ESCAPE --- AND THAT HOPE SCARCELY ONE TO TEMPT A MOUNTAIN GOAT!



**T**HE SAVER COLT NOW SHOWED THE QUALITY OF LEADERSHIP THAT WOULD ONE DAY MAKE HIM A GREATER LEADER EVEN THAN HIS MIGHTY SIRE! HE SHOULDERED SCAMPER BACK A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE SPOT...



"--- AND THERE HE GAVE THE BLACK AN IDEA OF HIS INTENTIONS."

**A**T A DEAD RUN, HE LED OFF--- HEADED FOR THE CHOSEN SPOT.



**S**HEER MOMENTUM CARRIED HIM MOST OF THE WAY UP THAT ROUGH ROCK 'CHIMNEY'. CLAWING LIKE A CAT, HE FORCED HIS WAY FARTHER...



**W**ITH CHIN AND FOREHOOF GRIPPING THE RIM, HE FOUGHT AGAINST THE DEAD PULL OF GRAVITY.



"... AND WON!"



**B**UT SCAMPER...? SILVER TURNED WITH AN ANXIOUS WHINNY! YES, GALLANT LITTLE SCAMPER HAD CLIMBED ALMOST TO THE TOP... AND THERE HE HUNG! SENSING SILVER'S NEARNESS, THE BLACK COLT GATHERED HIS STRENGTH...."



**S**ILVER'S HOOF GRIPPED THE ROCK SOLIDLY... HIS LONG, STRONG JAWS GROVE DOWNWARD--- AND GRASPED SCAMPER'S FORELOCK. HIS STEEL MUSCLES BUNCHED...



**S**OBING FOR BREATH, THE SMALLER COLT FOUND FOOTING ON THE RIM! SURE FOOTING AND SAFETY!



**T**HEN SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, THE TWO FRIENDS, SILVER AND SCAMPER, TROTTED DOWN TO A WELL-EARNED BREAKFAST ALONG THE SHINING CREEK."



---AND SPEAKING OF BREAKFAST, YOU'D BETTER HURRY BACK TO THE WAGONS FOR A SNACK! WE WON'T STOP UNTIL SUNDOWN---

---AND THEN YOU'LL TELL US ANOTHER STORY OF SILVER-- WON'T YOU--- PLEASE?



MY! I'LL BET WE COULD SEE  
AN APACHE SIGNAL FIRE  
TWENTY MILES FROM HERE!

THAT'S WHY  
I CHOSE THIS  
ROCK, LONNY!

# SILVER

## AND THE

# WINGED DEATH

BUT IF WE COULD  
RISE AS HIGH AS  
THAT EAGLE, WE COULD  
SEE A HUNDRED  
MILES!

HOW CAN  
AN EAGLE  
SEE THAT FAR  
WITHOUT A  
TELESCOPE?

AN EAGLE'S EYES ARE LIKE TELESCOPES.  
JEANNE! FROM A MILE HIGH, HE CAN  
SEE THE RABBIT OR THE FAWN OR  
THE ORPHANED COLT— — —  
AND DROP LIKE A THUNDERBOLT  
TO THE KILL!

OHMY! IT  
MAKES ME  
SHIVER!

DID AN EAGLE  
EVER ATTACK  
SILVER WHEN  
HE WAS A  
LITTLE COLT?

YES, LONNY! — — — WHEN  
SILVER WAS ONLY  
THREE MONTHS OLD,  
AND IT WAS A MIGHTY  
NARROW ESCAPE! I'LL  
TELL YOU ABOUT IT!

— THAT SPRING, THE GRIM SPECTER OF DEATH  
CLAIMED TWO LIVES OUT OF THE WILD HORSE  
HERD, RULED OVER BY KING SYLVAN — — —  
AND EVER AFTERWARDS THE SHADOW OF  
PASSING WINGS RECALLED IT TO SILVER,  
THE COLT.

"NUBA, AN OLD BLACK MARE, HAD BORNE A FOAL LATE THAT SAME SPRING. AND LITTLE NIMICK, A HEALTHY, HUNGRY RASCAL, TEASED HIS PATIENT MOTHER UNMERCIFULLY.



"WHEN HE SCAMPERED OUT OF SIGHT AMONG THE ROCKS AND BRUSH, NUBA CALLED AND CALLED IN VAIN FOR HIM TO COME BACK."



"BURNING AFTER NAUGHTY NIMICK WORE HER DOWN! ONE DAY, WHEN SHE WAS STIFFLY CLIMBING A GRAVEL SLOPE...



"—SHE STUMBLED ON A LOOSE STONE



"...AND ROLLED TO THE BOTTOM!"





"WHEN SHE DID NOT MOVE, LITTLE HIRICK  
CAME DOWN, EXPECTING THAT HIS  
MOTHER WOULD GET UP AND FEED HIM."



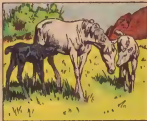
"BUT POOR OLD NUSA NEVER WOULD  
HEAR OR STIR AGAIN: A BROKEN  
NECK HAD MERCIFULLY PUT AN  
END TO HER WEAKENED OLD  
AGE."



"WHEN HUNGRY NINICK CAME AT LAST TO  
MOUSSA, BEGGING FOR A MEAL..."



"...SILVER'S GENTLE MOTHER DID NOT  
REFUSE HIM."



"HOWEVER, SHE DID REFUSE TO CHASE AFTER  
THE NAUGHTY LITTLE BLACK WHENEVER HE  
RAN AWAY! SHE COULD NOT LEAVE HER OWN  
BABY UNPROTECTED."



"SO IT HAPPENED THAT SKREE, THE  
GOLDEN EAGLE, SPOTTED NINICK  
ALONE ONE DAY ... SKREE'S FIERCE,  
YELLOW EYES TOOK ON A HUNGRY  
GLEAM."



"HIGH IN THE CLOUDLESS BLUE, HE  
HARDENED EVERY FEATHER AND  
POWER-DIVED INTO WILD HORSE  
VALLEY.



"LITTLE NINICK HAD NO WARNING THAT HE  
WAS THE TARGET OF A FEATHERED  
BOMBSHELL.



"SKREE'S DAGGER-SHARP TALON BARELY  
SEEMED TO TOUCH THE DOOMED  
COLT'S NECK.



"... BUT IT WAS ENOUGH! SLOWLY,  
SKREE SETTLED DOWN TO FEAST  
ON HIS KILL.



"WHINNYING ANXIOUSLY, MOUSSA  
CIRCLED AT A DISTANCE ..."



"... UNTIL THE WIND BROUGHT TO HER  
AND SILVER THE SCENT OF DEATH!  
SHORTING, THEY TURNED ...



"... AND GALLOPED AWAY, SILVER'S SHORT, COLTISH MANE BRISTLING WITH HORROR



"A MONTH LATER, ON A BLISTERING HOT AFTERNOON, MOUSSA AND SILVER SOUGHT THE SHADE OF A GREAT ROCK.



"LYING CLOSE TO HIS MOTHER, LITTLE SILVER SOOZED LIGHTLY



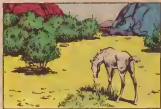
" UNTIL A LARGE FLY SETTLED ON HIS LEFT EAR. AT THE SHARP STING OF ITS BITE, HE SHOOK HIS HEAD ANGRILY...



"... AND GOT TO HIS FEET, SWITCHING HIS SHORT TAIL. HIS HAIR WAS RUINED:



"THE FLY DID NOT RETURN--- BUT NEITHER DID SLEEP! NIBBLING AT SPEARS OF SUN-DRIED GRASS, SILVER MOVED TOWARD A CLUMP OF CHAPARRAL.



"THE RUSTLING LEAVES OF THE CHAPARRAL  
CAUGHT THE COLT'S ATTENTION AND  
THE FLICKER OF SILVER'S EARS



"...CAUGHT THE TELESCOPIC EYE OF  
SKREE THE EAGLE, SWIRLING THROUGH  
THE HOT ARC OF THE SKY ABOVE WILD  
HORSE VALLEY



"TO SKREE, THAT WHITE FLICKER, FAR BELOW  
HIM, LOOKED LIKE THE EARS OF A CARELESS  
RABBIT. THEY SUGGESTED A MEAL AND  
SKREE WAS ALWAYS HUNGRY.



"A LIVING, AIMED PROJECTILE, HE DIVED  
THROUGH THE CLEAR AIR.



"AT THE LAST INSTANT, HE SAW HIS MISTAKE... BUT DID NOT CHECK HIS STRIKE!



"THE BLOW KNOCKED SILVER TO HIS KNEES, AS HOOKED TALONS PIERCED HIS TENDER SCALP."



"BUT THE THORNY CHAPARRAL NOW CAME TO THE COLT'S RESCUE, SNAGGING SKREE'S MIGHTY WINGS! WITH A YELP OF DISMAY, THE TYRANT OF THE AIR FOUGHT TO FREE THEM."



"THE DELAY WAS JUST ENOUGH TO GIVE SILVER HIS CHANCE. IN FEAR AND RAGE, HE SHAPPEO AT HIS ENEMY. AND THE RAZOR-SHARP, COLTISH TEETH SLICED THROUGH SKIN AND TENDONS."



"MADDENED BY THE SUDDEN PAIN, SKREE BEAT THE AIR! HIS GREAT WINGS BORE HIM UPWARD, SCREAMING, JUST AS MOUSSA CHARGED TO THE AID OF HER COLT."



"BUT SILVER NEEDED NEITHER AID NOR COMFORT, DESPITE HIS SMARTING SCALP! HIS BABY VOICE WAS RAISED IN ANGRY CHALLENGE TO THE WINGED DEATH."



"BUT SKREE'S MURDEROUS TALONS WOULD NEVER AGAIN BRING DEATH TO A COLT OF WILD HORSE VALLEY! ONE SCALY FOOT HUNG LIMP, CRIPPLED FOR GOOD! FROM NOW ON, HIS PREY MUST BE MICE AND RABBITS, SNAKES AND GOPHERS THE FARE OF ANY COMMON HAWK."



HOLD UP, YOUNGSTERS! DO YOU SEE  
WHAT'S BREAKING THE HORIZON  
LINE BEYOND US?

A--- A SMOKE  
SIGNAL? IN JUNE--?

# THE ROPE

INDIAN SIGNAL IT IS,  
LOONEY--- BUT A  
FRIENDLY ONE! IT'S  
TONTI, MY PARTNER---

BUT WHAT IS  
HE SAYING  
WITH THAT  
SMOKE? ---  
WHY ARE WE  
TURNING BACK?

TONTI'S SIGNAL SAYS TO STOP THE  
WAGON TRAIN FOR THE NIGHT--- IN THE  
MORNING, TAKE THE SOUTH PASS  
THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS---  
APACHES WAITING TO JUMP US  
IN THE NORTH PASS.

DHH!

IF WE'RE STOPPING TO CAMP EARLY,  
YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO TELL US  
ANOTHER STORY ABOUT  
SILVER, WON'T YOU?

I THINK SO, JEANNE--- AND  
ABOUT AN APACHE WARRIOR,  
WHO WAS THE FIRST HUMAN  
BEING EVER TO SEE YOUNG  
SILVER!

THAT EVENING, AROUND THE CAMPFIRE...

KEENAY THE APACHE WAS THE LONE  
SURVIVOR OF A RAID THAT HAD FAILED!  
HIS COMPANIONS' BONES WERE WHITENING  
ON THE DESERT TO THE NORTH, WHERE  
RAVAGE ARROWS HAD DROPPED THEM

HE HAD RIDDEN HIS HORSE TO DEATH, ESCAPING FROM HIS ENEMIES, AND HE WAS STILL FAR FROM HOME. A STONE ARROWHEAD, EMBEDDED IN HIS OWN LEG MADE HIM LIMP BADLY.



KEENAY KNEW THAT UNLESS HE COULD CAPTURE ANOTHER HORSE TO RIDE, HE MIGHT NEVER REACH THE HOGANS OF HIS PEOPLE! HE CLIMBED A HIGH ROCKY HILL TO LOOK AROUND.



... AND FOUND HIMSELF GAZING DOWN INTO WILHORSE VALLEY:



KEENAY'S ROVING GAZE HAD PICKED OUT SYLVAN AND HIS BAND FROM AFAR. HE WORKED HIS WAY DOWN TO A HIGH JUTTING CLIFF---

--- AND GLANCING OVER THE EDGE, HE SAW WHAT APPEARED LIKE AN ANSWER TO HIS BEST HOPES.

IT WAS MOUSSA, THE WHITE MARE, AND HER TEARFUL COLT, SILVER... THEY HAD FOUND A PATCH OF TENDER GRASS GROWING AT THE MOUTH OF A SIDE CANYON.



"KEENAY CREEPT BACK UP THE SIDE CANYON, AND LOWERED HIMSELF TO THE BOTTOM WITH THE HELP OF HIS ROPE."



"MOVING FROM BOULDER TO BOULDER, WITH THE SLOW PATIENCE OF A HUNTING CAT, HE STALKED THE UNSUSPECTING MARE."



"KEENAY'S BLACK EYES GLITTERED, AS HE TOOK IN MOUSSA'S BEAUTIFUL FORM\* ON A MOUNT LIKE THAT, HE COULD OUTRIDE ANY WARRIORS FROM THE NORTH\* BUT SHE WAS STILL TOO FAR AWAY..."



"AS KEENAY NOPED, MOUSSA'S GRAZING BROUGHT HER A LITTLE NEARER TO THE ROCK BEHIND WHICH HE WAS HIDING."



"HE GAUGED HER NEARNESS BY THE SOUND OF HER MUNCHING JAWS."



"EVEN AS HE ROSE THE ROPE SHOOK OUT FROM HIS HAND\* THE NOOSE FELL TRUE OVER MOUSSA'S STARTLED HEAD."





"WITH ALL HER STRENGTH, MOUSSA STRAINED AGAINST THE ROPE'S THROTTLING GRIP! SHE COULD NOT BREATHE! THE ROARING OF A HUNDRED WATERFALLS WAS IN HER EARS! HER HEART SEEMED ABOUT TO BURST..."



"AFTER A MINUTE, HER EYES GLAZED, HER KNEES BUCKLED! A GREAT AND TERRIBLE DARKNESS BORE HER DOWN!"



"KEENAY WORKED SWIFTLY, EXPERTLY! HE TIED ONE END OF HIS ROPE AROUND A SLIM PETLOCK, THEN DREW THE FORELEG UP."



"TWO MINUTES LATER, HE WAS LEADING THE OAZED MARE ON THREE LEGS, DEEPER INTO THE SIDE CANYON."



"SILVER GAZED AFTER THEM IN ANGRY BEMILDERMENT! THIS CREATURE WITH THE STRANGE SMELL, THAT WALKED ON TWO LEGS, HAD MASTERED HIS MOTHER-- AND AWED THE YEARLING COLT! HE DARED NOT FOLLOW THEM TOO CLOSELY."



"---BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER WAY TO KEEP THEM IN SIGHT! SILVER KNEW A WAY UP THE CLIFFS."



CAUTIOUSLY, HE MOVED ALONG THE RIM OF THE SIDE CANYON, OUT OF REACH FROM HIS MOTHER'S CAPTOR, YET WATCHING ALL THAT WENT ON.



HALF A MILE UP THE CANYON--- WHERE NO SOUND OF MOUSSA'S STRUGGLES COULD REACH THE GREAT STALLION IN THE VALLEY. JEEWAY MOUNTED THE FOOT-ROPED MARE! SHE PLUNGED AND REARED IN VAIN.



WHEN SHE WEARIED AT LAST, HE LOOSENED THE FOOT ROPE AND GUIDED HER BY THE JAW WITH JEEWAY'S SKILL, SHE WOULD SOON BE TRAINED.



FASCINATED BY THE SIGHT, YET FIERCELY RESENTFUL, YOUNG SILVER GAZED DOWN FROM THE TOP OF A GRAVEL SLIDE THAT BROKE THE CANYON'S WALL AT THIS POINT.



ALL AT ONCE, THE SLIDE BEGAN TO MOVE, CARRYING THE COLT ALONG WITH IT, VERY MUCH SURPRISED.



AT HER STARTLED YOUNGSTER'S CALL, MOUSSA BEGAN TO FIGHT AGAIN! HER FRANTIC JUMPS CARRIED HER NEARER THE SLIDE.



KEENAY GLANCED UP IN HORROR...



WHEE-HEE-HEEAAH!

EXTOM! MEDICINE-HORSE RIDES A SLIDING MOUNTAIN!

--- A MOMENT BEFORE A BOUNDING STONE KNOCKED HIM OFF MOUSSA'S BACK!



IT WAS NOT A LARGE SLIDE. IT PETERED OUT JUST AS SILVER FOUGHT HIS WAY OUT OF THE MOVING GRAVEL.



TRAILING HER ROPES, MOUSSA STUMBLED TOWARD HIM ...



SUDDENLY SHE TRIPPED ON THE LONG ROPE AND WENT DOWN.



(Continued on back cover)

**T**ERRIFIED AT THE THING WHICH ONCE NEARLY CHOKED THE LIFE OUT OF HER, MOUSSA LAY TREMBLING, NOT DARING TO RISE. BUT SILVER HAD NO SUCH QUALMS



**T**HE ROPE SMELLED OF KEENAY... AND SILVER HATED IT! HE BIT AND TUGGED... TO PULL IT AWAY FROM HIS MOTHER'S FOOT.



**A**T LAST IT LOOSENED... CAME FREE. MOUSSA AROSE FIGHTING HER GANGLING JAW ROPE.



**B**RISK RUBBING ON A ROCK TOOK CARE OF THAT MISANCE.



**S**HOULDER TO SHOULDER, MOTHER AND COLT LEFT THE HATED CANYON--- RACING BACK TO THE BRIGHT SAFETY OF WILD HORSE VALLEY AND THEIR OWN HERD.



**A**FTER A TIME, KEENAY AWOKE FROM HIS CAZE--- HE HOBBOLED OFF CONVINCED THAT WILD HORSE VALLEY HELD DANGERS MYSTERIOUS AND TERRIBLE, FOR A LONE HUNTER... AND PERHAPS HE WAS RIGHT!

